

THE

SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 28.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

No. 3

The Ark.

GENESIS vi. 14—16.

Was the ark built by Noah the first example of naval architecture? did the art of the shipwright originate in this remarkable structure? We think not. It is scarcely credible that man had been so long upon the earth without discovering some means of floating upon the rivers and the seas. Are we to think so low of the state of the arts among the antediluvians—with all the peculiar advantages they enjoyed—as to suppose that they had not discovered an art known in modern times to the most savage and barbarous nations? Indeed, the instructions given to Noah for the making of the ark are so general as to imply that they were addressed to one who knew how to work out the details. These instructions do not enable us to define the form of the vessel, or to have more than a very obscure notion of its arrangements.—This is because we lack the previous knowledge which Noah and those who wrought with him possessed, and which enabled them with the very same instructions to produce the intended fabric.

It is remarkable that the Phœnician annals ascribe the origin of the ark to the fifth generation—just in the middle period between the creation and the deluge. According to that account the discovery took place in this manner: “Usous having taken a fallen tree and broken off its boughs, was the first who dared to venture on the sea.”

Let us look to the description:—“Make thee an ark of gopher-wood.” This is generally understood of the cypress tree. “Chambers shalt thou make in the ark;”—these chambers were doubtless cells or stalls for the different kinds of animals—and it appears from what ensues that these cells were arranged in three stories. “And pitch it within and without with pitch”—probably bitumen, the substance of all others best adapted to exclude the water. “And thus shalt thou make it: the length of the ark three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits.” These dimensions will presently be noticed. “A transparency shalt thou make to the ark;” not “a window”—but collectively the means of admitting light, and at the same time excluding the water. Had

the antediluvians the knowledge of glass? The word may, however, mean translucency merely, and not necessarily transparency. It does, however, indicate something *shining*. The words of the next sentence but one, defining that the doorway was in the side of the ark, indicate that the translucency, or series of windows, was at the top—and it was indeed needful that it should be very high, to prevent the waves from breaking in. “And to a cubit shalt thou reduce it at the top,” is a difficult phrase. We are not sure that we understand it: but it seems to mean that the roof, in which the translucency was set, sloped to a ridge of about a cubit wide. “And the doorway of the ark shalt thou place in the side thereof.” This clearly shows that it was not a decked vessel. The door must have been of some size to admit the larger animals, for whose ingress it was mainly intended. The door was no doubt above the highest draught-mark of the ark—and the animals ascended to it probably by a sloping embankment. A door in the side is not more difficult to understand than the port-holes in the sides of our vessels. Yet the sacred writer is aware of the apparent danger of a large door in the side, and therefore satisfactorily relieves our anxiety by informing us that “the Lord shut him in:—and, in all ages, he whom the Lord shuts in is safe indeed. “With lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it;”—which shows that no space in this vast fabric was wasted; but every cubit of its enormous area, from floor to ceiling, was laid out in receptacles for the various animals. In all probability, the larger animals were kept in the lower floor, and the birds in the upper.

Such is the description of the ark. Of its shape nothing is said. But we have the dimensions. Taking the cubit at the usual estimate,* these give it the length of five hundred and forty-seven feet; the width of ninety-

one feet two inches; and the height of forty-seven feet two inches. This is nearly three times the size of the largest British man-of-war, and to make a vessel of these colossal proportions—a floating world—must clearly have required no small amount of practical as well as scientific knowledge.

The proportions simply as stated suggest the idea of an immense oblong square box or chest, and many have thought that this was its actual shape. They consider, it seems to us rightly, that the ark was not framed for any other purpose than to *float* safely, and keep steady upon the waters. It had not necessarily to make any progress from point to point; it may be doubtful if it had even to contend with strong winds or heavy waves; and if, at the worst, it were at times driven before the wind, acting upon the vast surface it presented, no great harm could come of this—as by striking against shores or rocks—seeing that all the world was under the water.

The form, therefore, usually given to the ark by painters, who have in view its *progress* through the waters, is probably erroneous, and is framed to meet conditions which did not actually exist. That figure is, indeed, in itself preposterous, and contrary to all the rules of naval architecture.—We see nothing to prevent us from conceiving that the ark was shaped something like a house, secured upon a strong raft-like floor. It is right, however, to observe that the “ark of the covenant,” which was certainly a chest, affords no ideas which can aid our apprehension of the structure of Noah’s ark. The words are altogether different in the original—the one being *TEBAH*, and the other *ARUN*.

Whatever be our ideas as to the *form* of the ark, there is no question but that its *dimensions* were well adapted to the object in view. There were formerly some experiments made in Holland and Denmark, with the same proportions of parts. About two hundred and fifty years ago, in particular, a Dutch merchant, named Peter Jansen, caused a vessel to be built for him in the same proportions

* That is, 21.888 inches. We adopt it merely to avoid the incidental discussion of a large subject; but we think the reader may very safely, in his current computations of Scripture measures, regard the cubit as half a yard.

as (but of smaller dimensions than) Noah's ark. It was a hundred and twenty feet long, twenty broad, and twelve deep. Jansen happened to be a Mennonite; and while his work was in progress, it was regarded as the enterprise of a fanatical visionary, and he was exposed to quite as much sport and derision as Noah himself could have encountered. But it was afterwards found that a vessel like this was well suited to commerce in times of peace, as it would take in a third part more lading than any other vessel, without requiring a greater number of hands. Accordingly, the name of *Navis Noachica* was, by some, given to this kind of vessel. The account of this matter is preserved in a letter written to Petrus Reinerus, who married the daughter of the person who built this vessel, on the supposed model of Noah's ark, for Jansen, and which is to be found in one or two old books on Noah's ark. In one of these works, the author, Reyher,* states that the like experiment had been made in his own country; and affirms that the kind of vessels called *Fleuten* or "Floats," have almost the very same proportions as those of the ark.—KITTO.

* In his "Mathesis Mosaica."

Thomas W. Williams, 2d.

From the New London Chronicle.

The recent loss sustained by the community in the sudden death of Mr. T. W. Williams, 2d, will justify a brief notice from a personal friend, in addition to the well deserved tribute in your columns this morning. Mr. W. came to this city in 1833, at the age of eighteen, and entered the office of William Williams, Jr., and A. Barnes. He turned his attention particularly to the whale fishery, and on the retirement of his father from the house, prosecuted that business with an uncommon degree of energy and success, under the firm of Williams & Barnes.

He was a native of Norwich, but after his location among us he took a decided and growing interest in the

prosperity of his adopted home, contributing with cheerfulness and liberality his part to sustain the public enterprises in which our citizens embarked.

As a man of business his character stood high. He carried the thorough and systematic knowledge of accounts which he possessed into practical application, and he could always tell with accuracy the pecuniary result of any enterprise in which he had been engaged. He was bold, but without rashness, and fulfilled with integrity the obligations which bind an honorable merchant either with or without a written promise. His wisdom and skill in planning his numerous voyages, was fully shown in the profitable results which returned with his arriving ship. He was energetic, diligent and indefatigable in the prosecution of his business, and contributed, by the successful employment of his capital, largely to the wealth of the community. His death is a severe loss to those among us who labor and gain a comfortable subsistence by the active enterprise of our commercial merchants.

As a citizen and a friend, Mr. W. leaves a large circle of sincere mourners. His manners were kind and amiable, and he seldom, if ever, spoke hastily to the humblest individual.—His deportment was always that of a gentleman and marked with urbanity. Though a stranger might think him reserved, yet he was social and free in his intercourse with his friends, and it may be safely said that those who knew him best loved him most.

Of his relations in family life we may not speak. The bereaved partner and lonely parents have the heartfelt sympathy of our community; their light has gone out, and the glory of their eyes has departed. He who has wounded alone can heal.

Mr. Williams was an early and liberal subscriber to our new cemetery, and having some time since selected and prepared a beautiful family lot, thither to-day we bore his lifeless remains, and left them to rest in the pleasant shades of the Cedar Gr. ve.

Y. N.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1855.

From the New London Star.

*Thoughts Suggested by the Death
of Thos. W. Williams, 2d, Esq.*

BY MRS. L. L. C.

The strong man has fallen—oh mute be our grief,

Oh, hushed be the notes that bewail him—
Though sadness and woe fill the hearts he has left

'Tis our God who has stricken—then trust him.

We may weep when the infant, lovely and fair,
Is taken from hearts so grief-riven;
Still with smiles we yield him to Him who has said,

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

And oh, when the aged weighed down by earth's cares
Is borne from this world dark and dreary—
While we miss his kind words, we smile as we think

In Heaven, there is rest for the weary.

But oh, when as now we are mourning for one,
In the pride of his manhood laid low;
When the sun of his life scarce its zenith had reached,

In silence we bent 'neath the blow.

For the ways of our God we may not know here;

And his dark and mysterious will—
So we fearfully pray, and mournfully ask,
For grace to submit—and be still.

NEW LONDON, Sept. 17, 1855.

Pathetic Scene.

The Milwaukee American says:—A most touching occurrence of the day before yesterday is still fresh in our memory.

The wife of one of the sailors on the recent wreck was upon the deck with an infant, only three weeks old, in her arms, to learn if her husband was alive or drowned. She was in a state bordering on frenzy.

On being told that her husband was dead, she gave one long sob of agony; while the blue eyes of the babe were turned smilingly to her face, and cried in accents of most heart thrilling despair, "O! is he gone—an I alone—is he dead—drowned? Is my man gone, and will he never come to me?"

In this state she returned to her desolate home: no one ventured to offer words of sympathy, for it seemed utterly useless and a mockery. The light and warmth of this poor woman's life had gone out forever. All through the long hours she sat weeping and

rocking to and fro, and pressing her child to her heart, for it was ill, till midnight. Then she heard a feeble step and a knock at the door; she said, "Who's there?" "It is I," the familiar voice replied. She gave a scream of joy and then admitted her husband.

Nothing could exceed the woman's frantic delight. She threw herself upon the floor and wept, and clung to her husband's neck and laughed till the tears came again. Such a happy reunion was a foretaste of Heaven.

Love like this can but be repaid with a life time of devotion.

The sailor it seems had left the wreck, and at the imminent peril of his life reached the shore, and had walked twenty miles ere he reached his home.

The Sabbath in Honolulu.

The following extract is from "The Friend," published by Rev. S. C. Damon, our Chaplain to seamen at Honolulu, S. I.

Such sensible views deserve a universal endorsement.

After many days of constant rains Sabbath morning, January 28th, dawned most charmingly. The wind came around and from the North, blew most refreshingly. It was a most lovely morning. The mountains were clothed in robes of unwonted freshness; the air seemed so pure and balmy, that it was invigorating to inhale it. Our town was quiet and orderly, as our Sabbaths ordinarily are, in Honolulu. Groups of well dressed Hawaiians thronged the streets, on their way to and from their respective churches. The foreign community, too, was well represented, in the house of God. There was to be witnessed, however, one scene, that marred the Sabbath's holy rest and peaceful quiet; it was a scene to which it pains us to allude and which we would gladly refrain from describing. The incident to which we refer, was the sailing of three vessels of war out of our port on the Sabbath. These three represented respectively, England, France and the United States. Here were three national vessels, re-

presenting, one, the leading Protestant, and another the leading Catholic nation of Europe, and the remaining one, the great North American Republic, boasting of its pre-eminence as a christian nation. These vessels formed a "combined fleet," holding a positive command of the Decalogue in defiance. As their canvass was loosened to the breeze, it seemed a virtual declaration to the inhabitants of these islands: "the Christian Sabbath is a day we do not respect." Those vessels had all pledged the Hawaiian government that they would defend it against bands of lawless filibusters, who might come hither to set the laws of this kingdom at defiance; still, in defiance of a law older than that of any kingdom on earth, they left our port! It is a circumstance which it is difficult to account for, that these vessels should have formed this seeming combination to violate the Sabbath. Long as we have resided on these islands, a period of more than twelve years, we cannot recall a single instance that a vessel sailing under the Hawaiian flag left port on the Sabbath. How humiliating to witness the representatives of old and established Christian nations thus openly violate the Sabbath, in the eyes of this nation which, less than a half century ago, was sunk in idolatry and superstition. It is our firm belief that the Christian element is more influential among the Hawaiian people, than any other people on earth; most certainly the Christian element is clearly apparent in the history of this nation during the last twenty-five years.

The views which we have here expressed are not entertained by us alone. Scores of people in Honolulu fully sympathize with us, in view of the scene to which we have alluded. Whatever may be the custom or practice in other ports, it is not the custom at Honolulu for vessels to sail upon the Sabbath. Those vessels which do sail on that day form the exception. Long may be the period before we shall be compelled from our sense of duty, as the conductor of a public journal, devoted to the advocacy of Christian principles, to allude to similar events.

How much happier, individuals, families, vessels, nations and the world would be, were they universally to render obedience to the command: "Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy."

A sensible Reply.

Some years ago, say about November, 1843, the U. S. frigate "United States" arrived Sabbath morning off the port of Honolulu, and came to anchor. An officer was immediately sent on shore to make arrangements for exchanging the customary salutes. At the moment the messenger arrived the Governor was at church, and a messenger was sent to notify him that every thing was ready for banging away "21 guns;" but the old Governor replied: "Apo-po;" "To-morrow I'll attend to it." So far was this reply from giving offence to Capt. Armstrong, it was well received and appreciated.

A Swim in the Dark.

A very remarkable attempt to desert from a merchant vessel, was made by a seaman in the Sound, on Saturday night. Fifteen of the crew of the Wanota, Capt. March, now lying in this port, were sent to prison by the magistrates of Saltash, on Friday, for disobedience to the captain while at sea, and it was stated at the examination that there were some men on board who had incited the disobedience, but had themselves cunningly drawn out of the combination. It seems the crew remaining on board fixed on the ship's joiner as one of those adroit misleaders, and taunted him with it; and this, it is stated, probably caused a determination in his mind to quit the ship. He kept his own counsel, however, and bided his time. Any ordinary mode of transit to the shore being out of his reach, he prepared on Saturday night to commit his life and substantial fortunes to the waves. We say "his fortunes," for he had no intention of parting with his clothes, or tools that appertained to his office as joiner. He, accordingly, secretly dressed himself in his stock of shirts and trousers, putting on seven of the former and three

of the latter garments, and packing the tools in a canvas bag, waited for the flowing tide to carry him ashore. The tide turned about midnight, and when the deck was clear and all was silent on board, the joiner secured his person to two of the ship's buoys, and with his bag of tools for ballast stealthily dropped into the water. The Wanota is anchored a mile and a half from shore, towards which the adventurer pushed his way, propelling himself by his lower members. At first he advanced cheerily; the night was calm and starlit, and the current of the tide ran strongly in his favor, but soon the coldness of the bath dashed his spirits, and when it was too late he began to feel the clogging effect of the threefold integuments in which he had so carefully encased his propelling members. His efforts to go ahead grew feebler and feebler, and by the time he had gained half the distance he was so exhausted that he became alarmed at his danger, and shouted as well as he could for help. Open ears and succoring hands were not far off, and this piteous "voice of the night" being drifted on the breeze to a Coast Guard vessel in the sound, a boat was immediately sent to the rescue. The joiner and his life buoys were soon discovered by the guard, and a most pitiable spectacle did the fellow present. He was quite exhausted—even gone beyond the power of being able to assist himself and his ballast into the boat, and it became necessary to tow the novel voyager to the Coast Guard vessel; he was with some difficulty got on board and revived. Early in the morning he was taken back to the Wanota, where the culprit's appearance on deck occasioned a great deal of amusement among the crew. He has since been under "arrest," but we should almost think the suffering and fright of that starlit voyage were a sufficient punishment for the fellow's intended desertion.—*Plymouth (Eng.) Mail.*

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If you would become a fool, go to the Devil's ragged school,—that is the ginshop,—and you will soon lose your wits.

Hardy Lee & Taupsle Hall

"Many years ago, on a stormy and inclement evening 'In the bleak December,' old Miss Tarbox, accompanied by her niece, Mary Ann Stackpole, sailed from Holmes' Hole to Cotuit, in the topsail schooner *Two Susans*, Captain Blackler. The rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that schooner, and great was the pitching and tossing thereof; while Captain Blackler and his hardy crew 'kept her to it,' and old Miss Tarbox and her niece rolled about in their uncomfortable bunks, wishing themselves back in Holmes' Hole, or any other hole, on the dry land. The shouts of Captain Blackler as he trod the deck, conveying orders for 'tacking ship,' were distinctly audible to the afflicted females below: and 'Oh,' groaned old Miss Tarbox, during a tranquil interval of her internal economy, as for the fifteenth time the schooner 'went in stays,' 'what a drefful time them pore creeturs of sailors is having on't. Just listen to Jim Blackler, Mary Ann, and hear how he is ordering that poor fellow, *Hardy Lee*.—I've heerd that creetur hollored for twenty times this blessed night, if I have onst.' 'Yes,' replied the wretched Mary Ann, as she gave a fearful retch to starboard, 'but he ain't no worse off than poor *Taupsle Hall*—he seems to ketch it as bad as *Hardy*.' 'I wonder who they be,' mused old Miss Tarbox, 'I knowed a Miss Hall that lived at Seekont Point onct—mebbe it's her son.' A tremendous sea taking the '*Two Susans*' on her quarter at this instant, put a stop to the old lady's cogitations; but they had an awful night of it—and still above the roaring of the wind, the whistling and clashing of the shrouds, the dash of the sea, and the tramp of the sailors, was heard the voice of stout Capt. Blackler, as he shouted,—'Stations! Hard a lee! Top'sle haul! Let go and haul!—and the *Two Susans* went about. And as old Miss Tarbox remarked years afterward, when she and Mary Ann had discovered their mistake, and laughed thereat, 'Any body that's never been to sea, won't see no pint to this story.'"

The Cabin Boy.

On the 25th of April, in the year 1738, a fine brig named the Triton was preparing to leave the port of Havre, in order to go fishing for cod on the banks of Newfoundland. Her captain, Gilles Varenne, was a regular rough hardy seaman, caring little whether the weather was fair or foul, and accustomed to navigate his vessel as well through fogs as through sunshine.

The Triton's deck presented a busy scene. All the crew were occupied in getting on board and stowing away their sea stock of wine, brandy, salt meat, flour, lines, nets, hooks, leads, together with a vast quantity of salt. Amid abundance of noise, bustle, and loud talking, the long-boat made her last trip from the shore, and out of her stepped on the deck, with a timid, trembling air, a boy of about twelve years old. He went up to a sailor who had just lighted his pipe. "Sir," — he began, twisting a pretty cap of green velvet between his small hands. The rough seaman interrupted him with a loud laugh.

"Sir, indeed!" he repeated. "My name is Malandin."

"What d'ye want, young chap?"

"Do you want a cabin boy on board?"

"I know nothing about it; you must go ask the captain: there he is standing near the mast, with the large pipe and the bear-skin coat."

The child approached the person thus described, and before he could speak, the captain exclaimed:

"What do you want, you young scamp?"

"To be a cabin boy on board this vessel," replied the boy courageously.

"Did you ever go a voyage before?"

"No, but I think I could soon learn my business."

"Bravo! What's your name?"

"George."

"Who is your father?"

"I am—an orphan," replied the child, looking down and blushing.

"So much the better!" cried the captain. "Here, Malandin, take charge of this new cabin boy. Secure the long-boat, and weigh anchor."

"Captain, take care of the icebergs!" said an old white headed sailor standing by. "You are setting out too soon. In my time we used only to begin buying our salt in the middle of May, and now we are only at the end of April." Captain Varenne vouchsafed no reply, but continued to puff forth immense volumes of smoke from his pipe, as he tranquilly watched the noisy process of weighing anchor. At length the sails were set, and the gallant brig left the port, amid the farewell cheers of those on shore, while a few prophetic voices shouted aloud: "Beware of the icebergs, captain! — beware of the icebergs!"

On the first day very little notice was taken of George, so he thought the life of a cabin boy a most charming one; but the next morning the captain called him hastily, and gave some order, which to him was unintelligible: the boy hesitated, and his impatient commander gave him a kick which sent him to the other side of the deck. George stood up amid the derisive laughter of the crew, red and furious, more from shame than pain; but when he began to speak, his mouth was rudely stopped by the mate, who threatened him with a good rope's-end if he attempted to say a word. Silent submission was all that remained for the child; but from that time, how often would he creep into some retired corner of the deck, and weep, and watch the waves, and call softly on the name of his mother.

"So you have a mother?" said the mate Malandin, who overheard him one day.

"Ah, yes, and a father also," replied George, "and I left them to become a sailor. Oh, how miserable I am!"

"You told the captain that you were an orphan."

"I told a lie, for I was afraid that if I mentioned my parents, I should be sent back to them; and now I am punished for it!"

"Then they don't know where you are, George?"

"No. I wanted to be a sailor, and my father would not consent; so I took advantage of his and my moth-

er's going for a day to the country, and I came on board here, as you know."

"And what makes you dislike being a sailor?"

"The blows and kicks that every one here seems to have a right to give me."

"Bah! a mere trifle. All that will only make you hardy, boy. The sea is a fine place—the true home for a man!"

"You mean for fish, Malandin."

"Well, yes, for a fish, for cod-fish. I hope we shall catch plenty this season."

"Oh, how I always longed to go cod-fishing!" exclaimed George. "I was quite a baby when I first thought of it."

"'Tis tough work, child," said the sailor, shaking his head: "hard cold work pursuing the fish for months together, through a frozen sea and beneath a dark sky. Those who eat the cod at home little know the sufferings of those who get it for them. Only for a glass of brandy now and then, we should perish from cold and exhaustion."

"I wish, Malandin, that now, as you're not busy, you would tell me all about it."

"Well, child, I don't mind if I do. Sit you down here next me. You must know that, first of all, we take strong lines of from twelve to fifteen hundred fathoms in length, and at the interval of each fathom we fasten a hook, baited with a piece of cod. Then by means of the light shallops you see on board, we plant the lines every evening all along the coast. Next morning, we draw up the lines, haul them on board, and generally find a number of fish hanging from the hooks. Then every one sets to work: some cut off the cods' heads; others cut the fish open, take out the entrails, and carefully place the roe and the liver in barrels. From the latter, a sort of oil is extracted, which sells at a high price on shore, as a medicine for sick people. Thank God! we seldom want any physic on board ship, except an allowance of lemon juice and potatoes, to season our salt junk and biscuit. Afterwards the fish are

placed in a barrow, and carried to the salter, who spreads them out in the hold, the stomach uppermost, and salts them thoroughly with a sort of wooden shovel. As soon as this is over, we clean the deck, and bait our lines afresh, to have them ready again for the evening, weather permitting; and there's the whole process for you now, boy."

They were in $51^{\circ} 3'$ of north latitude, and $56^{\circ} 58'$ west longitude, when the mate finished his recital.—That same day—it was the 29th of May—they met floating icebergs.—Suddenly a dreadful shock was felt; a cry of horror burst from all on board; the vessel had struck upon an iceberg, and the water poured in through her cleft side. She began to sink rapidly, and a terrible scene ensued among the crew. Some ran about wildly; others fell on their knees and prayed aloud; some of the faint hearted wept and lamented like children; while a few, with more presence of mind, lowered the long-boat, and asked the captain to get into it with them.

"I must be the last to leave my vessel!" replied the bold seaman.

Meantime the ship's deck was nearly on a level with the waves, and poor George, pale and trembling, kneeling near the mast, exclaimed, "O my mother! my mother! shall I never see you again?"

"All is not lost that is in danger," said the gruff voice of the captain.—"Take a firm hold of my leg, child, and trust to Providence."

George, almost mechanically, did as he was told; the next moment, a dark wave swept over him, and he lost all consciousness. When he revived the ship had completely disappeared, and he found himself with the captain floating on two planks lashed together.—The situation was perilous in the extreme; nothing was to be seen around but the dark surface of the water, varied by icebergs and floating fragments of the wreck. Captain Varenne at length descried a large level piece of ice, and with the assistance of a broken oar, after long and painful efforts, he reached it. His dress consisted of a woolen shirt, a pair of thick

trousers and stockings, together with his hat, which he had had the good fortune to keep on his head; but poor George had scarcely any clothes, and was bare-headed. Thoroughly exhausted and benumbed by the cold, they lay for some time on the ice without stirring, the captain pondering on the means of escape, and the boy thinking of his good mother, and of the tears she would shed if she knew the situation of her son. The darkness and the hard frost of night coming on, added to their misery.—The cold was so penetrating, that in order to avoid being entirely frozen, the captain hindered George from going to sleep, and forced him to walk up and down with him on the ice, as the only means of saving themselves from falling into a state of fatal stupor. The pangs of hunger soon began to augment their sufferings.

At daybreak, they descried four men on a raft at a great distance off. In vain, however did they shout and make signals; their companions in misfortune did not see them. Towards evening, their hopes were revived by the appearance of a three masted vessel. Anxiously did our two shipwrecked mariners watch its movements.—They saw it slacken sail, and presently after perceived that the four men on the raft had been taken on board.—Now, would they come for them?—Planting the broken oar upright, and surmounting it with his hat and handkerchief, the captain waved it continually, and shouted as loud as he could. After half an hour passed thus in agonizing suspense, the vessel sailed away without its crew perceiving them, and slowly disappeared from their eyes.

At this dreadful sight, poor George fell at the captain's feet, and exclaimed, "Oh! must we, then, stay here to perish with cold and hunger?"

Without replying, the captain felt in his pocket, and taking out a biscuit wet with salt water, offered it to the child. George seized it with avidity and was putting it to his mouth, when remarking that the captain had none for himself, he said:

"And what will you do, captain?"

"Eat it," said Varenne, briefly.

The boy did not wait to be desired a second time.

The next night was dreadful. Varenne preserved a moody, despairing silence; only from time to time he moistened with a piece of ice the lips of the poor child, whose strength was fast failing.

"O, captain, I am very cold—very weak. O my poor mother!" And then came back vividly to his remembrance his little soft white bed, in which his kind old nurse used to tuck him up so snugly every night; his nice supper of white bread and hot milk—even the piece of dry bread which was given him for dinner whenever he behaved badly. Oh, what would he give now for even one half of that bit of bread. Thus passed the long weary night in dreadful sufferings and unavailing regrets. At daybreak, as soon as the fog was sufficiently dispersed to allow them to distinguish objects, they perceived floating past the ice, a cask of cider. With great exertions, the captain succeeded in securing it; and a hearty draught greatly refreshed them both.

"Captain," said George, "we have forgotten one thing which may save us."

"What is that?"

"To pray to God."

Varenne sighed deeply.

"Yes, captain," continued George, as he tried to kneel on the slippery ice, "whenever mamma was in grief she used to pray to God, and He always comforted her. She often told me so, and she always spoke the truth. Do, dear captain, kneel down by me." Whether from conviction, or merely from a wish to please the boy, Varenne obeyed; and George, in simple, childish words, asked their Heavenly Father to forgive them all their sins, and especially his great one in disobeying and forsaking his parents, for which he was now justly punished; also, for their Saviour's sake, to take care of them, and deliver them from their dreadful situation.

They had not long risen from their knees, when they saw drifting by them a small empty boat, which the captain recognized as having belonged to his ship. They caught it; got

into it; and Varenne guiding it carefully through the icebergs—the slightest shock from which would have crushed it like an egg shell—soon perceived that they were not far from land.

At length they reached the shore and landed, the captain carrying George in his arms, for the child's limbs were weak and numbed. The sun rose, and in some degree warmed them; and the captain filled his hat with mussels, which he found among the rocks. George had often eaten of these shell-fish, delicately cooked and sent up to his parents' table, but never did he think them half so good or savoury as now that he was glad to devour them raw. Their hunger in some measure appeased, a new fear took possession of the captain.—He wanted to explore the coast, and ascertain what chance they had of escaping; but George was too weak to accompany him, and he dared not leave him alone, for fear of the bears and other wild animals which invest these northern lands. Indeed, in his own weak and totally unarmed condition, he could make but little resistance were they to attack him. While ruminating over this dilemma, George suddenly gave a cry of joy, and with a trembling hand pointed out to his companion an English vessel sailing along the shore. What joy! The crew perceived them, and three men put off in a boat towards the spot where they were. The captain's habitual rough reserve gave way before the transport caused by this unlooked for deliverance; he folded George in his arms, and with tears of joy embraced him as if he had been his son.

"Let us kneel down, captain," whispered the boy, "and thank God for His goodness in saving us." The old sailor obeyed, and joined fervently in George's simple thanksgiving.—Presently the boat's bow touched the shore, and the three sailors leaping out, raised the exhausted pair in their arms.

"Carry the child," said Varenne; "I am still strong enough to walk."—As soon as they got on board the vessel, everything possible was done for

their health and comfort. The captain's wife took George under her especial care, and he was soon perfectly restored. After a few days' sail, the English vessel crossed the track of a French brig, the *Natalie*, of Granville, bound for that port. They hailed it; and Varenne and George, having taken a grateful farewell of their kind English friends, went on board their countrymen's vessel.—They were landed at Havre, and Varenne invited George to accompany him to his inn. The boy thanked him, but said he must first go home, as he could not feel happy unless he had seen his parents and obtained their pardon.

"Well," said Varenne, "if you don't come to me to-morrow morning, I will go to see you at your father's house. By the way, I don't think I ever asked you his name."

"Pleville-le-Pelley," said George, as he walked towards his home.

We will leave it to our readers to imagine how the truant boy made himself known to his sorrowing parents—how speedily their grief was turned into joy—and how his mother shuddered, and drew him closer to her bosom, when he told of the shipwreck and the iceberg.

"Where are you going, my love?" asked Madame Pleville, when she saw her husband take up his hat, and prepare to go out.

"To bring here that brave Captain Varenne; but for him, this boy would have been lost." He soon reappeared with the desired guest, and the whole history of their adventures was gone over again.

"I hope, my child," said Madame Pleville, "that you have now had enough of a sea life, and will be content to remain quietly at home."

"I hope quite the contrary," said the captain, roughly. "I dare say he is only anxious to be off again."

"If what he has suffered has not sufficed to disgust him with the profession," said his father, "it must be his vocation to become a sailor."

And a sailor George Rene Pleville le Pelly became, and continued during his life. After having made several voyages to Newfoundland and else-

where, he entered his country's service, and in an engagement with an English frigate, he lost his right leg. This accident, however, did not impede either his activity or his promotion. Twice was the wooden leg shot from under him; and he used to congratulate himself that he thus gave work to the carpenter, and not to the surgeon."

In 1770 ill health forced him to retire for a time from active service, and he was made port lieutenant at Marseilles. While there, the English frigate, the *Alarm*, commanded by Captain Jervis—afterwards Lord St. Vincent—was driven by a tempest into the bay, and ran an imminent risk of being dashed to pieces on the rocks. Pleville, with all the sailors whom he could collect, hastened to the rescue. The night was dark, and the storm so fearful that the boldest of the sailors refused to leave the shore. The lieutenant himself, despite of his infirmity, did not hesitate. Fastening a strong rope round his body, and grasping a cable, one end of which he had made fast to the ground, he let himself down into the sea. With almost incredible efforts, he succeeded in reaching the frigate when it was about to perish; and by his intimate acquaintance with the port, was able to pilot it in safety. On the next day he sent workmen to repair the injuries which the vessel had sustained, and she was soon fit to return to England.

The English admiral testified his gratitude by sending Captain Jervis back to Marseilles with a splendid service of plate, and a complimentary and grateful letter for Pleville. His noble conduct on this occasion met afterwards with what he esteemed a much higher recompense. During the war of 1778, his son, who was serving on board a frigate, was taken prisoner. No sooner did the English Admiralty learn who the young man was, than they not only ordered him to be set at liberty, but permitted him also to release several of his comrades.

The telegraph which still exists on the Hotel de la Marine, is a proof of Pleville's noble disinterestedness.—Appointed in 1797 Minister of the

Marine, he was directed to make a tour of inspection along the French coast, and 40,000 francs were allowed for his expenses. He spent but 8,000, and on his return immediately sent the remaining 32,000 back to the public treasury. The government, however, refused to receive the sum, and Pleville employed it for the good of the nation in erecting a telegraph.

After a glorious, a happy and a useful life, having been made chief officer of the Legion of Honor, George Rene Pleville-le Pelley died at the age of eighty years, on the 2d of October, 1805. A simple monument, bearing an epitaph composed by M. Lemaire, was raised to his memory in the Cemetery of the East in Paris.—[Chambers' Journal.

NOVELTY IN SHIP BUILDING.—The Cork Reporter gives the following account of a ship on a new principle:—“A large ship, with an auxiliary screw propeller, now lies in our harbor, built on a new and curious principle, on which, we believe, she is the first constructed. She is wholly of wrought iron, being framed and put together in the same manner as the Britannia Tubular Bridge, without knees or timber work of any kind in her hull. A plank deck is laid over the iron one, and off this are a couple of large deck houses. Instead of stowing ballast in the usual way, she is provided with water tight compartments in her hull, into which water can be pumped for ballast to any extent required. Her heavy tackle is worked by steam machinery, superseding the necessity for a large amount of manual labor. Owing to the absence of timbers, beams, &c., she has storage for nine hundred tons of cargo, though measuring little over four hundred tons—no inconsiderable advantage in itself. The name of the vessel is the *Labuan*, and she is bound for Singapore, being intended, we understand, for trade in the Chinese seas. Externally her appearance is very singular, from the convexity of her sides; in nautical phrase, she ‘tumbles home’ aloft in a most unusual manner.

Discipline on board Steamers and Ships.

Taking our accustomed ease one morning some weeks ago, says a correspondent, in our barber's shop, we overheard the following, as it fell from the lips of one of our most distinguished American poets:—

“I am of the firm opinion that if there had been on board the Arctic—as I contend should be the case on every steamship that crosses the Atlantic—the discipline of a man-of-war, that dreadful calamity, at least in part might have been avoided.

“It was the lack of authoritative concert between the captain and his officers, and the officers and the crew, which at the outset led to the deplorable event.

“When the steamer Princeton, captain Stockton, had made a portion of a pleasure excursion down the Potomac, you will remember that in firing a salute with the ‘big gun,’ it burst, and destroyed several precious lives, among others that of the then Secretary of the Navy. Now, I have it from the very best authority—that of Commodore Stockton himself—that when the gunners had fired the piece and witnessed its terrible effects, they resumed their position amidst the carnage it had created, nor did they move from it until ordered to do so by their commander. Can it be doubted that obedience and discipline such as this might have saved our unfortunate ocean steamer?”

“But,” interposed the hearer, “is it certain that any discipline could have saved all the passengers?”

“I don’t know what others may think, but for myself I have not the slightest doubt of it. Let me mention a circumstance which once occurred on Lake Champlain, and of which I myself was an eye-witness:—

“I was on board the steamer Burlington—this was some twenty-five or thirty years ago—commanded by Captain Sherman, one of the most careful, the most methodical, the most exact captains that ever trod a steamer’s deck. Everybody knows, who ever traveled with him, that there never was seen a speck of dirt

about his boat as big as a pea; that his directions were given in a tone so low that they were seldom heard save by those to whom they were especially addressed; and generally they were indicated by a merely subdued hiss or whistle.

“On the occasion of which I speak, the steamboat had approached the middle of the widest part of the lake, somewhere, if I recollect rightly, in the neighborhood of Plattsburg, when a circle of smoke was seen issuing from around the smoke-pipe. The alarm instantly arose: ‘The boat is on fire! the boat is on fire!’

“I rushed to the saloon, where several ladies who were of the pleasure party to which I myself was attached, were assembled in a state of great fear. Ladies, I said, don’t be alarmed; I know Capt. Sherman, and his prudence, energy, and determination so well, that although it is certain that the boat has caught fire, yet I consider your lives as safe as if you were in your own parlors.

“Meantime there was no bustle, no loud orders, no shouting or disorder upon the deck; and when I returned to it, I found two lines of men, all of the crew, passing full, and receiving empty buckets in return, and in fifteen minutes the fire, which had reached considerable headway, was entirely extinguished. An hour or two after, when all excitement in relation to the fire had subsided, as I met the captain on deck I ventured to ask him: ‘Captain Sherman, will you tell me how it was that you were enabled to preserve such perfect order among your crew, and to put out a fire so speedily which had gained such headway?’

“‘Oh, yes!’ replied the captain; ‘the whole thing is very simple and easily explained. It all consists in being prepared for such an emergency. Now, I have rehearsed the very scene which you have witnessed today more than fifty times with my men, on the deck of this boat.’

“And there,” said Mr. H——, “was seen the benefit of discipline. Suppose that the men on board the Burlington had been running hither and thither, without concert and

without confidence, frightening others and only anxious to save themselves, what would have been the result? The boat would have been destroyed to a certainty."

Is not this worthy of imitation?
(Merchants' Mag.)

Reefing Topsails from the Deck.

This most ingenious contrivance has been fitted on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels, the Iberia, and found to answer admirably. The sail reefs itself, and from the time the yard is lowered it is close reefed in two seconds. The reefs may be again shaken out, and the top-sail at the mast-head in twenty seconds. In nautical affairs this contrivance is one of the wonders of the age, and must be rapidly brought into general use. The invention is not expensive, because the present sails and top-sail yards can easily be altered, at an expense not exceeding £15 per yard and sail. The inventor, Mr. H. D. P. Cunningham, R. N., late secretary to Admiral Moresby, has taken out a patent. It is well known to officers that many a reef is kept in during the night, and in consequence the vessel's progress is retarded, on account of a disinclination to send men aloft, more particularly if the weather be wet. With this admirable contrivance, sail can be taken in, and again made, in a short space of time, without sending a man aloft.

[Liverpool Chronicle.

Dr. Radcliffe, who was fond of the pleasures of the table, was one afternoon comfortably disposing of a bottle of wine, when a countryman entered, the room, and begged him to come immediately to his wife, who was dying. "I can't help it my fine fellow—I can't come till I have finished my bottle." Now it happened that the countryman was a large, strong man, and the doctor a very small one; so it occurred to the former that his best plan was to seize the doctor and carry

him off. Suddenly grasping the doctor and placing him on his shoulders he started for the door, when the doctor, not liking his position, shouted,— "Hold, you villain! I'll cure your wife for you!"—and he was as good as his word.

Sailor Murdered in Boston.

Last Monday morning the senseless body of Wm. Barton, a sailor, was picked up near Kelly's Boarding House, in North-st. Barton was yet alive, and was carried to the Chelsea Hospital, where he soon died. Before he died he stated that he was in company during the evening previous with John Murray and John C. Cann, and that he was suddenly struck down as he supposes with a slung shot, and that he knew no more until he found himself at the Hospital.—The blow made a hole in his skull large enough to insert a man's finger. He died on Wednesday. It is supposed that Murray, whose boarding-house he had left for another place, (Kelly's,) took his revenge by striking the fatal blow.

When will seamen learn that a quiet Sailor's Home, where intoxicating drinks are not used, is the safest place for them. The death of Wm. Barton is another solemn warning to seamen, and another illustration of the importance of efforts to preserve these men from dangers upon the land more terrible often than hidden rocks and stormy gales upon the sea.

H.

BOSTON, Sept. 13, 1855.

AN AMERICAN IN HIGH RANK IN THE RUSSIAN SERVICE.—The *Frederonian* (N. Y.) *Advertiser* is informed that Kneeland Norcutt, a native of that village, and for a year or two employed as an apprentice in the *Censor* office, has recently attained a high rank in the Russian service, in which he has been engaged for the last three years, and is now in command in the Crimea as one of the superior officers. He left this village in 1843, being then only seventeen years of age, and

went to an Atlantic port where he shipped before the mast as a sailor.—He rapidly rose from his position to that of a captain of a merchant vessel, through the intermediate offices, and has finally become a Russian military general.

American Steamboats.

[From *Madame Fontenay's Travels in America*.]

"If the first and most constant need of an Englishman is to exalt his country; of a Frenchman to boast of his person; of an Italian to boast of his singing; of a Spaniard to be jealous; of a Russian to swagger—the first and most constant need of an American is assuredly to act, or better, to transport himself from one extremity to the other of his vast country. In fact there is not a people in the world who travel as much and with as little preparation as the Americans. They start on a journey of four thousand kilometers as we do from Paris to Rouen. I should say more: they do not even take the trouble to carry a trunk on their longest voyages. The clothing which they have on their backs the day of departure suffices them, save stopping at the first city, and at the first store on the way replacing the cast-off clothing which they throw to winds on the road, giving thus to their peregrinations the lively impulsion characterized by these words, 'Go ahead!—*en avant!*'

"The life aboard the steamboats, although not so varied, has none the less real charms. Who has not heard of those magnificent boats navigating Lake Erie, the Hudson, the Ohio, the Mississippi, or the St. Lawrence? Boats which cost sometimes a million of francs, and which earn in a season of six months as high as two hundred and fifty thousand francs of profit for their owners. The Eclipse, which plies between Louisville and New Orleans, is nearly three hundred feet long. The interior is of a magnificence incredible in France; the ladies' saloon, also that of the gentlemen, surpasses in richness and elegance the most splendid boats of

England. The Eclipse contains about two hundred chambers and five hundred beds. On the panels of the door of each chamber is painted with care, and sometimes with art, a view taken on the borders of the Ohio or Missouri. The decorations, sculpture, and tapestry, have mingled their marvels of beauty and painting. Around the steamboat, which resembles a floating palace, there is an exterior gallery, from which the traveler may admire the plantations which border the river.

"The table and the service are in unison with all this splendor. It is not rare to see the inhabitants of Kentucky, of Indiana, and Missouri, embark at Louisville, Cairo, or St. Louis, destined to New Orleans, where they stop some days, and afterward remount to the point of departure, having thus remained three weeks on the rivers, solely for the pleasure of being some time away from home, and to change constantly the perspective, without leaving their comfortable temporary home. The distractions which are encountered on board these steamboats are all that Americans demand. To smoke, to drink, to talk, to gamble, that is the life of the men; as for the women, they read, embroider, or play on the piano of their saloon unpublished airs. Nowhere but in France have I encountered women who know how to do nothing."

THE FIRST WHALEMAN.—It may be interesting to our New Bedford and Nantucket friends to learn, as we do, from an ancient chronicle before us, that the first person who killed a whale upon this coast was named William Hamilton. He was born in Scotland, and in early life settled upon Cape Cod, (place not stated,) whence he removed to Rhode Island, he being persecuted for killing the whale by the inhabitants of the Cape, as one who dealt with evil spirits. Mr. Hamilton died in Connecticut in 1746, at the advanced age of 103 years. His children died at the following ages:—Joseph, 86; David, 79; Benjamin, upwards of 90; Eliza, 93; Thankful, 102; Mary, 52.—*Boston Journal.*

Stories About a Little.

The last Report of the London Missionary Society contains a speech of the Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, at the May Anniversary, from which the following is an extract:

But there is one anecdote told by the Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, which we must not leave out. It shows what great things may arise out of little ones, and should encourage our young friends to pray and work, and give, though they may not be able to do very much for the cause of Christ.

Man, said Dr. M., is a weak creature, but in God's hand, he is a great agent. Our bible, our tracts, our Sabbath-schools, our Missionary Societies, our Missionaries themselves, are all comparatively littles; but I know there is power lodged in them. There is the power of God there, and the wisdom of God there; and we have no doubt that through his blessing, these littles will gain much for Christ.

I remember one story about a little; I shall tell it and sit down. A tract was published addressed to the unconverted. Once upon a day, it fell into the hands of a godless man; he read it; he was made to think; he was brought to repentance; he was brought to God. What did that man become? His name was Richard Baxter; and he wrote the "Call to the unconverted." So much for that little and its much.

By-and-by the "Call to the Unconverted" went on its travels, and fell into the hands of another man who was totally prayerless and Christless; and he read it, and, in one word, it was blessed of God to bring him to his senses, and to bring him to Christ. Who was he? Philip Doddridge. So much for that little.

Very well; in the course of time Doddridge writes and publishes the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." That book also went on its travels, and fell into the hands of another man, who was also a careless and irreligious man. At that time he read—he thought—he prayed—he believed. His name was Wilberforce. So much for that little and its much.

In the course of time Wilberforce must write too; and he wrote that beautiful volume, "Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity."—This also went on its travels—for it was a servant of God, though a little one, and by-and-by it fell into the hands of another poor sinner, who was thereby brought to think seriously. His name was Leigh Richmond. So much for that little and its much.

Well, in course of time, Leigh Richmond writes, what you have all read, "The Dairyman's Daughter."—That has been translated into I know not how many different languages,—into Armenian among the rest. It fell some years ago, into the hands of an Armenian priest; he was confounded by it and led to seek for the Bible itself, which had wrought such a change upon that poor little girl.—He got the Bible, read it, and was converted, and is at this moment in Nicomedia, a town in Armenia, a Christian minister, with a congregation of two or three hundred, and nearly a hundred members. That same Armenian priest handed the "Dairyman's Daughter" to others, and two or three more of his brethren were by means of it brought to seek God and believe in Christ. There is power in littles, brethren. Let us take care and not despise the day of small things. This is but the history of a tract. Match the chapter in any of the volumes of "Allison's History of Europe."

From the *Portland Inquirer*.

A SEAMAN'S DEFINITION OF THE WORD IMPOSSIBILITY.—Bill Spencer, while relating a tough yarn to his old mess mate, Ned Spanker, in which the word *impossibility* frequently occurred, desirous to find the depth of his friend's knowledge, determined to take soundings. "I say, Ned, can you tell me the meaning of *impossibility*?" The old fellow's eyes lit up—some bright idea seemed to cross his bow as he replied,—"To keep a ship *full and by* in a dead calm, that's an *impossibility*!" Failing to find *shoal water* in Ned's cranium, the narrator proceeded on his course.

C. N. THRASHER.

Asking a Blessing.

It is related that on a certain occasion an English ship-of-war touched at one of the ports of the Sandwich Islands, and that the captain gave a dinner to the royal family of the islands and several chiefs. The table was spread upon the quarter-deck, and loaded with viands and delicacies of all kinds. After the company were seated around it, and the covers were removed, and everything appeared ready for operations to commence, the islanders seemed to be in no haste to begin, but looked as though something more was expected. The captain thought that the trouble was with the food, and that it was not what they liked, or that it had been prepared in a manner to which they were not accustomed, and accordingly commenced apologizing for the fact. He had, however, a pious waiter, who stood behind his chair, and was quick to discover where the obstacle was; and who, whispering to the captain, said,

"These persons are waiting for a blessing to be asked."

"Ask it then," said the captain.

The waiter did so—reverently and gratefully imploring the divine benediction.

No sooner was this done, than Queen Pomare, her family, and the chiefs, soon showed, by the manner they attacked the provisions, that it was not because the dinner did not suit them, or that they had no appetite that they had previously refrained from eating, but because no one had "said grace." The Sandwich islanders have been heathens; some call them heathens now; but are they so much so as those in this Christian land who have no family altars, and never invoke the benisons of Heaven upon their food? Nay, will not those islanders rise up to the condemnation of many—it may be, even of some of our readers—in the day of judgment, because of their neglect of duty? It is feared they will.

REVIVAL ON SHIPBOARD.—The Zion's Herald gives an account in a letter received from the Pacific Ocean, of a revival of religion on board a whale ship. In the account, says the

Herald, is one thing of unusual occurrence, "one man was hopefully converted at masthead, looking out for whales!"

CASUALTIES TO BOSTON VESSELS.

—According to the list of the Board of Trade, 54 casualties have happened to Boston vessels from the 1st Jan'y to 31st of March, inclusive, as follows:

Stranded, 5 ships, 7 barques, 2 schooners, 7 brigs,	21
Of which 4 barques and 3 brigs were condemned.	
Damaged by collision, 3 ships,	3
Dismasted, 1 ship, 2 barques, 2 brigs,	5
Put in leaky or otherwise disabled, 5 ships, 3 barques, 3 brigs, 2 schooners,	13
Of which one schooner was condemned.	
Returned to port in distress, 3 ships, 1 barque,	4
Abandoned at sea, 1 barque, 2 brigs,	3
Arrived at destination damaged, 1 ship, 4 barques,	5
Of which 2 barques were condemned.	
Total,	54

—*Boston Advertiser.*

As the Dead Sea drinks in the river Jordan, and is never the sweeter, and the ocean swallows up all other rivers, and is never the fresher, so are we apt to receive daily mercies from God, and to remain insensible to them and unthankful for them. The goodness of God should lead us to repentance; and yet how many hearts there be that have never been rendered any softer, or any purer, or any more grateful by all the mercies that a kind Providence has ever been bestowing upon us in such rich profusions. They come down upon us, as showers upon the sandy desert, or the barren rock. They do not fertilize the hard and stony soil of our unrenewed natures, or bring forth in us the fruits of piety. If anything grows in the garden of our hearts, it is only noxious weeds and hurtful brambles. How truly this may be said of all the ungodly.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

COINAGE OF THE WORLD.

One of the United States being now the greatest Gold producing region in the world, (Australia only excepted,) the Mint and Branches have been very closely employed in the creation of American Coins and Bars. Next to the United States the coinage of France is the greatest, and Great Britain ranks the third. We submit the following Tables as a careful summary of the operations of the past six years:

Coinage of the Principal Countries for the last Seven years, 1848 to 1854, both inclusive.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Year.	Gold.	Silver.	Copper.	Total
1848	£2,451,999	£35,442	£2,688	£2,490,129
1849	2,177,955	119,592	1,792	2,299,339
1850	1,491,836	129,096	448	1,621,380
1851	4,400,411	87,868	3,584	4,491,863
1852	8,742,270	189,596	4,312	8,936,178
1853	11,952,391	701,544	10,190	12,664,125
1854	4,152,183	140,480	61,538	4,354,201
1848-54.	£35,369,045	£1,403,618	£84,552	£36,857,215

FRANCE.

Year.	Gold.	Silver.	Copper.	Total.
1848	fr.30,861,820	fr.97,565,330	—	fr.128,447,150
1849	27,109,560	206,548,664	—	233,658,224
1850	85,172,390	86,458,485	—	171,630,875
1851	285,237,280	68,469,009	—	353,706,289
1852	27,028,270	71,711,560	—	98,739,830
1853	330,463,463	20,089,778	1,974,939	352,528,180
1854	527,000,000	2,000,000	—	529,000,000
1848-54.	1,312,872,783	552,842,826	1,974,939	1,867,690,548

UNITED STATES.

Year.	Gold.	Silver.	Copper.	Total.
1848	\$3,775,512 1-2	\$2,040,050	\$64,157 99	\$5,869,720 40
1849	9,007,761 1-2	2,114,690	41,984 32	11,164,695 82
1850	31,981,733 1-2	1,866,100	44,467 50	33,842,301 00
1851	62,614,442 1-2	774,397	99,635 43	63,488,524 93
1852	56,846,187 1-2	1,309,555	50,630 94	58,206,373 44
1853	55,213,907	9,077,571	67,059 78	64,358,537 78
1854	52,094,595	8,619,270	42,638 35	60,756,503 35
1848-54	\$271,534,181 1-2	\$25,801,893	\$410,579 31	\$297,746,656 81

RUSSIA.

Year.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
1848	Rubls.15,814,984	Rubls.3 650,100	Rubls 19,465,084
1849	16,844,984	3 810,100	20,655,084
1850	20,354,356	2,725,102	24,079,458
1851	17,854,356	4,000,002	21,854,358
1852	20,354,464	4,000,112	24,354,576
1853	20,965,006	3,600,100	24,565,106
1854	20,965,996	3,900,106	24,866,102
1848-54	Rubls.133,154,146	Rubls.26,685,622	Rubls.159,839,768

*Total Coinage of Gold and Silver in Great Britain, France, the United States, and Russia, for the last seven years—
1848 to 1854, both inclusive.*

Year.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
1848	\$33,285,710	\$23,428,570	\$56,714,280
1849	37,500,000	44,642,860	82,142,860
1850	71 500,000	21,642,860	93,142,860
1851	152,642,860	17,214,290	169,857,150
1852	120,357,150	18,857,150	139,214,300
1853	191,785,720	19,142,860	210,928,580
1854	184,214,290	12,214,290	196,428,580
1848-54	791,285,730	157,142,880	948,428,610

AGREGATE COINAGE OF GOLD AND SILVER
In each of the above-named Countries from 1848—1854.

	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Great Britain,	\$167,285,730	\$6,642,860	\$173,928,590
France,	248,357,140	104,428,590	352,785,730
United States,	274,214,290	26,071,430	300,285,720
Russia,	101,428,570	20,000,000	121,428,570
	791,285,730	157,142,880	948,428,610

The following are the returns from other countries:

AUSTRIA.

(The returns of 1854 not yet published.)

Year.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
1848	Fl.4,780,203	Fl.16,039,012	Fl.20,819,214
1849	4,784,627	18,084,922	22,869,545
1850	5,425,858	8,363,785	13,789,643
1851	7,539,976	4,673,873	12 213,849
1852	11,171,150	4,989,960	16,161,110
1853	9,844,663	16,576,346	26,421,009
1848-53	43,546,477	68,727,878	112,274,375

PRUSSIA.				
Year.	Gold.	Silver.	Copper.	Total.
1848	Th.4,588,773	Th.4,013,379	—	Th.8,602,052
1849	591,272	1,514,020	—	2,105,294
1850	9,784	1,112,117	—	1,121,901
1851	11,033	1,698,992	—	1,710,025
1852	258,808	640,096	41,501	940,405
1853	414,958	627,888	52,843	1,095,689
1854	171,121	4,077,710	27,676	4 276,507
1848-54	6,045,749	13,684,092	122,102	19,851,871

HOLLAND.*

Year.	Coinage.	Year.	Coinage
1848	fl.37,605,882	1851	fl.11,260,662
1849	11,085,540	1852	11,379 865
1850	13,972,761	1853	1,361,115

Total 1848—1853, fl.86,665,825

**Silver and Copper Coinage*.—The coinage of Gold having been abandoned in 1847, no coinage by the Government since 1853.

BELGIUM.

Year.	Gold.	Silver.	Copper.	Total.
1848	fr.8,037,425	fr.13,479,952	fr.145,583	fr.22,162,960
1849	4,121,455	39,658,252	194,922	43,974,629
1850	2,487,145	27,016,370	165,607	29,669,122
1851	—	18,539,610	167,191	18,706,801
1852	—	23,083,508	111,766	23,195,274
1853	—	12,526,000	44,559	12,570,559
1848-53	fr.14,646,025	fr.134,803,692	fr.829,628	fr.150,279,345

Since 1850, Belgium has abandoned the system of coining gold.

Reducing the coinage of the last named countries to dollars, and allowing fl.20,000,000 to Austria, and fr.15,000,000 to Belgium for 1854, we find that the total coinage of Great Britain, France, the United States, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Holland and Belgium, for the last seven years, amounted to the grand total of \$1,097,584,330.—*Courier*.

Dr. Kane's Return.

The following notice of the adventures and return of Dr. Kane and his party from the search for Sir John Franklin, we clip from the *Times*, and the *Courier & Enquirer*, of Oct. 12th.

Dr. Kane, the intrepid Arctic navigator, after having been given up as lost, has returned safe home, with the loss of but three men on his whole expedition. He left his brig frozen up in the Arctic Sea, on the 24th of May, 1855, went three hundred miles

over the ice to the sea, and then in open boats thirteen hundred miles to Upenavik in Greenland. After waiting for upward of a month, a Danish trading ship found them there; after a subsequent delay of a fortnight, they were taken on board and proceeded homeward. At Lievely on Disko Island, 250 miles south of Upenavik, the Danish vessel fell in with the American Searching Expedition, under Lieut. Hartstein, and the party were transferred to the Artic and Release, which vessels reached this port on the 11th inst.

Readers will remember that by this arrival we have the return at the same time of the two parties of Arctic Expeditionists—the Kane Expedition, without its vessel, but with all but three of its men, and the Hartstein Expedition, with its two vessels and men, all safe and sound. The De Haven Expedition was sent out May 2, 1850, by Mr. Grinnell, to search for Sir John Franklin. Dr. Kane was surgeon on board.

The Kane Expedition started May 31, 1853, under command of Dr. Kane, and expected to be back in two years. It had but one vessel—the brig Advance. For more than a year back its fate was esteemed very doubtful; and when last Spring it was proposed to send out a party to search for it, the proposition met with far less favor than its friends desired, because it was thought almost a settled fact that Dr. Kane and his party were past all hope of recovery. Congress, however, favored the proposition, and two vessels were dispatched on the search on the 4th of June, 1855. They have found the lost searchers for Franklin, and restored them to thousands of surprised and rejoicing friends. Since the third expedition's sailing, no news had been brought back of them till their arrival in this port Oct. 11.

VOYAGE OF THE ADVANCE.

The following account of the voyage of the Advance, the vessel in which Dr. Kane undertook the expedition which has now terminated, is compiled from statements made to us by Messrs. Bonsall and Sontag, and Dr. Hayes, of the expedition.

The brig Advance left New York on the 31st of May, 1853, for the purpose of finding some trace of Sir John Franklin, and affording him succor, if possible. She proceeded without incident to Baffin's Bay. Stopped at several Danish colonies in Greenland, where the party procured furs and Esquimaux dogs to draw the sledges. Then proceeded onward toward Davis' Straits, and encountered the first ice in Melville Bay, towards the latter end of July. They

succeeded in working a way through with wonderful facility, and reached open water on the 2d of August, in latitude 76 deg. Entered Smith's sound on the 5th of August, and the next day encountered heavy ice. From this time forth the ship was constantly in ice. Worked through it in a north-easterly direction till the latitude of 78 deg. 45 min. was reached, when it was determined to go into winter quarters. For this purpose returned south a few miles, and on the 10th of September, 1853, cast anchor off the westerly coast of Greenland, and commenced preparations for the winter. The vessel was housed over, galley stoves were put up between decks, and provisions were landed to provide for any contingency that might arise. Meanwhile a sledge was sent out with provisions to be deposited, so that parties going out in the spring might go further from the ship, obtaining supplies from these depots. This sledge went in a north-easterly direction about 400 miles, reaching latitude 80, and found that a large glacier formed the north-western coast of Greenland, for about eighty miles. The party travelled along a good portion of the distance, and returned about the middle of October. Other small parties were afterwards sent out to make surveys and observations regarding the indentation of the coast—the last about the latter part of November, when, in consequence of increasing cold and darkness, further operations were suspended for the winter. The sun disappeared on the 24th of October, and on the first of December, darkness reigned supreme. The thermometer fell in some instances to more than sixty degrees below zero, and mercury was almost constantly frozen. However, the party, now housed in their ship, had no difficulty in keeping warm by means of the coals which the ship carried out. The sun reappeared on the 24th of February, and on the 12th March, when the days had acquired much length, sledging again commenced. The only incident of the winter which we shall mention was the loss of nearly all the dogs by a

spasmodic complaint which carried off 57, leaving only three or four.

The first sledge party (that of 12th of March) was intended to carry provisions across to Smith's Sound to the main land, and there make a deposit for a second party. It did not succeed in its object, but was obliged to return in consequence of the extreme roughness of the ice and the cold. They did not get more than forty miles from the ship. All were more or less frost-bitten, and two of their number—8 in all—died in consequence. Pierce Shubert, the cook, suffered an amputation which he did not survive; Jeff. Baker, a seaman, died of tetanus, caused by the frost. Two others lost their toes. When about thirty miles from the ship on their return, Mr. Sontag, the Hydrographer, who was one of the party, and two others, set out to obtain relief. The other of the four who were able to do any thing, were left to take care of the more intense sufferers. On reaching the ship, Dr. Kane set out with a party to the assistance of those with the sledge, and brought them to the ship. The sun remained above the horizon after the 24th of April.

On the 29th April (1854,) a party accompanied by two sledges, one drawn by dogs and the other men, set out under the direction of Dr. Kane himself. The dogs had been obtained from some Esquimaux, who visited the ship early in the spring, but who had not been seen the previous fall. The party under Dr. Kane were gone eight days, were obliged to return, in consequence of the illness of Dr. K., who suffered an attack of fever, from which, however, he soon recovered. On the 15th May, Dr. Hays, the surgeon of the expedition, set out with a single sledge and driver, and crossed the channel. He encountered very rough ice, and suffered much from snow blindness. He was obliged to return in about two weeks, in consequence of the failure of his supply of provisions. The expedition was yet not without result. About 150 miles of coast were discovered, and a chart of it drawn. On his return, he was drawn

by his dogs more than sixty miles, and all they had to eat was an old boot and part of a pair of leather trousers, which they devoured with the greatest rapacity.

Another expedition, which, like the others, was undertaken principally to obtain some trace of Sir John Franklin, now started in the same direction as the first expedition of the fall previous. It was under the direction of Officer McGarry and Mr. Bonsall, who went out as Daguerreotypist, (whose apparatus, by the way, would not work in those northern regions). This party endeavored to find the connecting link between Greenland and the main land of North America, but they did not; so that it still remains undecided whether Greenland is an island or not. But they discovered a large bay extending due north, terminating in the large glacier, mentioned above. From this a new channel was discovered, along which they passed until they were brought up by open water. This water was entirely free from ice, and abounded in animal life—fish, fowl, and the walrus. A northerly gale, lasting two days, brought no ice—proving that there is at least a large open sea beyond, and it was regarded by Dr. Kane as the great northern ocean, which never freezes. A branch of this party laid down the coast as far north as 82 30, the highest latitude known to navigators. They returned in July, and thus closed the operations for the year 1854. Soon after this, it became evident that the ship would not be liberated from the ice that year. They all felt that they were doomed to spend another winter in the dismal regions of the North, unless relieved by other means. Dr. Kane, for this purpose, endeavored to communicate with Sir Edward Belcher, at Beachy Island, in Wellington Channel, about seven hundred miles to the southwest. He endeavored to effect a communication by boat. Dr. Kane and a crew of five men set out in an open whale-boat, and crossed Smith's Sound, skirted the coast, till they reached Jones's Sound, where they met the heavy pack ice of Jones, Lancaster,

Whale and Smith Sounds, forming an impenetrable barrier of ice from five to thirty feet in thickness. They skirted this pack to the Southward, making repeated efforts to bore through it. The boat, on which their lives depended, was several times in imminent danger of being crushed. They crossed Buffin's Bay to Whale's Sound in this effort. From this point they returned to the ship, having made up their minds to spend the winter as best they could. No further expeditions were sent out.

By this time having run short of coal, they were obliged to burn every superfluous part of the ship, and confine themselves in the smallest possible space. Prospects were indeed gloomy. During this winter, to add to the other horrors which surrounded them, the scurvy broke out, and the whole crew suffered more or less. At one time Dr. Kane and Mr. Bonsal were the only persons able to move about. On them devolved all the duties of the ship, and nursing the sick.

The scurvy disappeared with the return of the sun and warm temperature. They owed their recovery to the free use of raw walrus meat procured from the Esquimaux, for which they paid in jack-knives, needles, pieces of wood, &c., which are highly prized by the Esquimaux.

On the opening of Spring, last March (1855), it became evident that the ship would not be released that season, and that it would be impossible for the party to spend another winter with her,—provisions were growing short, and fuel had failed, except from the hulk of the ship. Nothing as yet had been done to render her unseaworthy, but it would soon be necessary. After a full consultation it was then resolved to abandon the ship, and endeavor to make a passage to the Southward in the boats, three in number, which remained with them. These, with a change of clothing, and 600 lbs. of bread, 150 lbs. of pork, fat, and tallow; 100 lbs. Borden's meat biscuit, (which they found invaluable), they transported eighty miles over the ice, traveling to accomplish it, more than 300 miles, to the open

water. They left the ship on the 20th of May, 1855, without ceremony, and in silence, and made open water near Cape Alexander, on the 16th of June, but were not able in consequence of a South-west gale to proceed further. We were unable to launch our boats till the 21st. On that day they started, with three cheers, for home, we started—keeping close to the coast. They encountered ice continually until they reached Upernivick, the most northerly Danish town on the Western Coast of Greenland. They were many times obliged to drag their boats upon the ice from one "lead" of water to another. The distance travelled in reaching Upernivick was 1300 miles. The party subsisted most of the time on game, consisting of birds and seals, procured by their guns. They reached Upernivick on the evening of the 6th of August. Here they felt that their hardships were over.

The expedition sent in search of them must have passed them in Melville Bay, and what was a little strange the Arctic and Release were nearer in shore than the open boats. The party often discussed the probability of an expedition coming to their relief, and a sharp lookout was kept for them. The whole party were confident that such an exhibition would be sent, but yet they did not feel justified in running the great risk of awaiting its arrival. The separation from the ship, with the boats, was a desperate attempt, but was regarded as the only chance for their lives. This dangerous feat was accomplished with the loss of but one life. Christian Ohlsen, the carpenter, strained himself so severely in lifting the boats out of the water over the "hainmocks," that he died. He was beloved and regretted by all his associates in danger. He was buried on a small island in Melville Sound.

We give a list of Dr. Kane's party on board the Arctic and Release:

Dr. Kane, U. S. N., John W. Wilson, Amos Bonsal, Dr. J. J. Hayes, Augustus Sontag Henry Goodfellow, George Stephenson, Wm. Morton, Thomas Hickey, Hy. Brooks, boatswain, U. S. N.; James McGarry,

George Riley, Wm. Godfrey, Chas. Blake, George Whittle.

At Upernavick they took passage in the Danish ship Mary Ann, Capt. Ammonson, who displayed, in his demeanor towards the unfortunate explorers, every attribute of a man and a Christian. In this ship the party reached God Haven, or Leveily, in the island of Disco, on the 9th of September, and in 24 hours they would have been on their voyage to Europe. Here they first heard of the expedition sent in search of them, which arrived from the northward on the following day. They remained at God Haven till the 18th of September, receiving while they stayed the kindest hospitalities of the Danish authorities. To the Royal Inspector Oldrick, and to Governor Anderson, they express the warmest thanks.

We have now nothing more to record in this connection. The history of the expedition, with all the details, interesting and valuable as they must be, would fill a volume. It will of course be written.

Notice to Mariners.

Notice is hereby given, that on the 5th of September, 1855, an iron bell boat, painted black, with the words "Harding's Ledge," in white letters, on each side, was anchored near the ledge of that name in Boston bay, to warn vessels of their proximity to that danger.

The Bell weighs 500 pounds, and is elevated 12 feet above the water; is rung by the action of the sea, and can be heard at the distance of about one mile.

The boat is anchored in 7 1-2-fathoms water, with 30 fathoms of chain.

Bearings as follows:

Boston lighthouse, N. W.

Long Island lighthouse, N. W., by W. 1 2 W.

Point Alderton, W. by N. 3 4 N.

Barn on Strawberry Hill, W.S.W.

Minot's Ledge light vessel, S. E.

3 4 E.

The above bearings are magnetic.

By order of the L. H. Board :

C. H. B. CALDWELL,
Inspector 2d L. H. District.
BOSTON, Mass., }
Sept. 5, 1855. }

Notice is hereby given that a new Light house and keeper's dwelling, have been erected on Baker's Island, Maine.

The tower is of brick, painted white; the dwelling house is colored brown, and the iron work of the lantern is black.

The centre of the light is 35 feet above the ground, and 105 feet above the level of ordinary high water.

The light will be visible in good weather at a distance of 15 nautical miles.

The illuminating apparatus is a Fresnel lens of the fourth order, and the light will be a fixed light until the 1st January, 1856, when a fixed light, varied by flashes, will be shown, and will be continued during every night thereafter.

The following magnetic bearings have been taken from the lighthouse :

Bear Island lighthouse, N. W. by N., distant 5 1-2 miles.

Petit Menan lighthouse, E. by N., distant 18 miles.

Monument on Bunker's dry ledge, N. by W., distant 3 miles.

By order of the L. H. Board :

W. B. FRANKLIN,
L. H. Inspector, 1st District.
PORTLAND, Maine, }
Sept. 19, 1855. }

A Bell, to be rung in foggy weather by machinery, has been erected near the Light at Fort Carroll, Soller's Point flats, Patapsco river, near Baltimore, Md.

It is elevated on a frame-work about thirty feet above the level of the river.

It will strike six times per minute at intervals of ten seconds, and can be heard at a distance of from one to five miles, according to the force and direction of the wind.

By order of the L. H. Board :

J. C. DUANE,
Lieutenant Corps of Engineers.
BALTIMORE, }
Sept. 19, 1855. }

A wrought iron shaft, forty feet high, surmounted by an octagonal lattice or open-work cast iron day-mark, seven feet high and five feet in diameter, painted black, has been erected upon the Londoner Rock, off Thatcher's Island, Cape Ann, Massachusetts:

The following are magnetic bearings from the beacon, viz.:

To Dry Salvages, N. 3-4 E.; to Straitsmouth Island light-house, N. N. W.; to Northern light-house, Thatcher's Island, N. W. 1-4 N.; to Southern light-house, Thatcher's Island, N. W. by W. 3-4 W.; to Eastern Point light-house, S. W. by W. 1-2 W.

By order of the L. H. Board:

C. A. OGDEN,

Major Corps of Engineers.

BOSTON, Mass., {

Sept. 18, 1855. }

An Iron Bell Boat has been anchored off the middle of this shoal in ten fathoms water, Fenwick's island bearing by compass W. 1-4 S. distant 6 1-2 miles. The boat lies close to the outer edge of the shoal, which is very steep to and runs N. E. and S. W. Vessels finding themselves unexpectedly in with the boat, should make easting before shaping a course for the Delaware or any northern port.

The hull is painted black, the mast red.

The bell rings by the action of the sea.

By order of the L. H. Board:

JAMES S. BIDDLE,

L. H. Inspector.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., {

Sept. 18, 1855. }

A Fog Bell has been erected on Oak Island, west side of the mouth of Cape Fear river, N. C., very near the Oak Island beacons.

The approximate position of these beacons is,

Latitude $33^{\circ} 53' 04''$ north.

Lon. $78^{\circ} 01' 05''$ west of Greenwich.

The bell is supported by an open, unpainted wooden frame, 16 feet square at bottom, 12 feet square at top, and 24 feet high. It is about 60

feet from the front beacon, and 30 feet east of the line joining the two beacons.

The bell is on a level with the front light, or centre of the lantern.

Its motion is kept up by a weight, and regulated by a pendulum.

The bell will be rung in foggy weather, hereafter, and will strike seven times a minute, and may be heard, in a calm, six or seven miles.

By order of the L. H. Board:

D. P. WOODBURY,
Capt. Engineers.

WILMINGTON, N. C. {

Sept. 10, 1855. }

The Devil's Ragged Schools.

If you are determined to be poor, go to the Devil's ragged school,—that is the ginshop,—and you will soon be ragged enough, and pennyless too.

If you wish to starve your family, go to the Devil's ragged school,—that is the ginshop,—for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be cheated by rogues, go to the Devil's ragged school,—that is the ginshop,—for that will make their task easy.

If you are determined to expel all comfort from your house, go to the Devil's ragged school,—that is the ginshop,—and you will do it most effectually.

If you would expose both your folly and secrets, go to the Devil's ragged school,—that is the ginshop,—and they will run out as the gin runs in.

If you think you are too strong, go to the Devil's ragged school,—that is the ginshop,—and you will soon be conquered by so powerful an enemy.

If you would be hated by your family and friends, and be a nuisance, go to the Devil's ragged school,—that is the ginshop,—and you will soon gain your wishes.

Finally, if you are determined to be utterly destroyed in mind, body, and estate, go to the Devil's ragged school,—that is the ginshop,—and you will soon know that it is impossible to adopt more certain means to accomplish your ends.

Boston Traveller.

Cabin Boy's Locker.

Little Austin's Wish.

LITTLE Austin had been with his mamma to a Juvenile Missionary meeting: their walk home was thro' pleasant fields and grassy lanes. Soft fleecy clouds were floating in the blue sky, and the air was fragrant with the summer breath of flowers. All around them was calm and still, and Austin and his mamma were still, too. Austin's face was very thoughtful, at length he said,—

“Mamma, I wish I were a man.”

“And why do you wish that?” said his mamma smiling; “does my little boy want to get away from his mother's control, and take care of himself, and have his own way?”

“No, no, mamma!” said Austin earnestly, looking up and pressing her hand: “I love you, and shall always love you, and like to be near you. But I was thinking of what Mr. A— said at the Missionary meeting, about all the sorrow and sin there is in the world, and the thousands of people who have no Bibles and no teachers, and who do not know that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Oh! mamma, the world is so beautiful! I wish all the people in it loved God, and I wish I could do some good in it; you know Mr A— said there was *so much to be done.*”

“Well Austin, you are growing older every day, and if you live long enough you will be a man, and you cannot wish for a greater honor than to do good in the world. But it will be many years before you are grown up; you need not wait till then, you may begin *now* to do good. If you want to be a useful *man*, you may prepare for it by being a useful *child.*”

“I should like that, mamma, but what I can do is *so little*, that it hardly seems worth doing at all.”

“God does not despise *little* things,

Austin. Think, now, can you do *anything?*”

Austin thought: at length he brightened up and said, “Yes, mamma, I think I can do something. You know, mamma, you give me a penny every week for my own; perhaps I could do some good with it; I am sure I can very well spare it, for you give me everything that I really want.”

“Yes, I think you can spare your penny; but how do you mean to do good with it?”

“Sometimes I can give it to the Missionary Society, and then it will help to send the knowledge of Jesus to the heathen far away; and sometimes, mamma, I can buy tracts and little books with it, and give them to the people that we meet when we walk out.”

“Well, I think both these plans will do very nicely.”

“And, mamma, I have thought of something else, if you will let me do it.”

“What is it, my boy?”

“Why, mamma, every Sunday when I go to school I see a number of children playing in the fields. May I speak to them, and ask them to come to the school with me? I am sure the teacher would be glad to see them.”

“You would be too late at school, Austin, if you stayed to talk to these children.”

“But I could set off earlier, you know, mamma.”

“So you could,” said his mamma, glad to find that her boy could overcome the little difficulty she had placed in his way; “it would, indeed, be a blessed thing to persuade those children to go to some Sunday school. I will give you leave to try.”

“Thank you, mamma. I will begin next Sunday.”

They had now reached home, and

his mamma kissed her boy, saying: "Well, my Austin, we will talk about this again, and may God bless you in trying to do anything for him."

Little readers, have you ever, like Austin, wished that you were grown up? And have you wished it for the same reason, that you might do good?

Remember what his mamma said, and try to do some good *now*. All of you can do something. Do you want to know how Austin's plans succeeded? Perhaps I may tell you another time, and before then I hope you will each try to find out what *you* can do, and will *begin to do it*.

S. L. E.

Interesting Bible Fact,

The following story is from Mr. de Pressense, of Paris, Secretary of the Evangelical Society.

Two or three years back some worthy peasants, becoming embarrassed in their affairs, were under the necessity of parting with their seven children; and they got those who were of sufficient age into service with the neighboring farmers. The greatest difficulty was in finding a suitable place for their youngest daughter, a girl of about ten years of age. At length, however, they heard of a respectable family, the heads of which were looking out for such an assistant in their household concerns. A few days before the girl left the parental roof, one of our colporteurs called at the house, and was particularly struck with the seriousness with which she listened to what he said about the Scriptures. At her pressing entreaties the father was prevailed upon to buy a New Testament for her. She took it with her on going to her new abode, with the avowed determination of making a daily use of it. She learned that she must entreat the Lord for faith to believe in his word. She, therefore, prayed night and morning before beginning to read her book. Nothing could withdraw her from this practice. To accomplish which she was obliged to sit up later and get up earlier than the rest of the family; she had to bear the jokes of her fellow-servants,

older than herself. But nothing deterred her; and the Lord soon granted her all the blessings with which such perseverance is invariably attended. She became a decided Christian.—Her employers were, at first, struck with her good behaviour; no fault had they to find with the manner in which she performed the duties assigned to her. One thing alone displeased her mistress; she had declared that from motives of conscience, no one could make her attend Mass. The lady spoke of the matter to her husband, who, in his devotion, consulted his confessor on the subject—a Jesuit of great renown. A few days afterwards the Abbe in question, who was the religious director of persons only of the first rank, deigned to converse with the little maid. On learning that it was the reading of the New Testament which had plunged her into what he styled a most detestable heresy, he tried at first words of kindness, but, finding them useless, he proceeded to the most terrible threats, with a view of inducing the little girl to deliver the book into his hands.—But it was all labor lost; and the Priest, after more than an hour's contest, went away vanquished by the firmness of the little maid. He then, it seems, ordered the master and mistress to take the poisonous book from one who had already made so bad a use of it. The little girl watched with greater care than ever over her treasure, which it was now sought to deprive her of. As her New Testament was one of the smallest size, it was very easy for her always to have it about her without it being seen.—At night her precious book was placed under her pillow; but her great care was to learn every day by heart a number of passages, so that if the attempt to deprive her of the Word of God was successful, she might still possess a source of edification. It was well for her that she did this; for being betrayed by a fellow-servant, her mistress one night, while she was soundly asleep, succeeded in laying hold of the New Testament, which the next day was forwarded in triumph to the Jesuit, to be by him committed to the flames. The sor-

row of the little girl was intense, and it was only assuaged by a repetition of the consoling passages which she was able to recall to memory. It seemed to her, when slowly repeating them to herself, evening and morning at her devotions, that these passages affected her much more than when she had read them from her book. In the meanwhile trials of various kinds came upon the family in whose service she was; pecuniary losses and the death of beloved offspring plunged the master and mistress of our young friend into mourning and tears. The afflicted ones, in the first instance, had recourse to their confessor; numerous masses were said and an abundance of candles burnt; but, alas! their sorrow remained as deep as ever, and consolation they found not. The little servant did not look on with a dry eye, her heart sympathized with their affliction; she implored, on behalf of her employers, that comfort which proceeds alone from the Supreme Comforter. One evening, when she thought herself secure from any disturbance, she, on her bended knees, in her little chamber, offered up one of those petitions which are the genuine effusions of the soul, in behalf of those who were in sorrow and in tears. Her mistress, who happened to pass the room, on hearing this supplicating voice, stopped, and drawing near to the door, was deeply affected at hearing the prayer which was being offered up for herself and her husband. She related to him what had occurred; and the next morning both of them stationed themselves as listeners at the door of their little maid's room, who, being accustomed to pray aloud, commenced the same petitions as those of the preceding evening. Both went away deeply and seriously impressed, and with the desire of again hearing similar prayers. This desire led them on different evenings to the same place; and when their little maid expressed herself thus: 'Thou hast said, Lord,' followed by a passage; 'Thou hast promised, O God,' again followed by another passage. These declarations of Scripture were the portions of the prayer which seemed

to do them the most good; and they felt an ardent wish to become more intimately acquainted with them. This led them to inquire of the young girl who it was that had taught her the things which she mentioned in her prayers. 'Who?' replied she; 'the New Testament which you caused Father C—— (the Jesuit) to take away from me.' From that moment the employers and their little servant had frequent conversations respecting the New Testament. The former evinced an increasing pleasure at listening to the recital of passages by the latter, by means of which God wrought a work of grace in their afflicted souls. Matters were progressing thus, when one day some person rang the door-bell, and, on the young servant going to open it, whom does she behold? a dealer of the same description as the one who had supplied her with her New Testament. On seeing him she uttered an exclamation of joy, so loud that her master ran to the spot, and on being informed of the state of matters, he asked the colporteur to step into his room, and his wife having been called in also, a lengthened conversation ensued, which ended in the purchase of a Bible for the use of the master and mistress, and of a New Testament in 32mo, which they presented to the little girl. I will only add, that at the present time the master and mistress and the little servant maid are true and zealous disciples of the Bible, who had gathered around them several individuals, of some of whom it may be said, that they are very near to the kingdom of heaven; a matter which deeply afflicts the Jesuit. 'It would be shameful,' he continued to say to his former flock, 'for your little servant to gain the victory; for ignorance to show itself more powerful than science; for darkness to prevail over light.' 'No, no,' was the reply, 'this little girl is but a feeble instrument. What has wrought a change in us, and what has enlightened us, is the word of God—the candle which you placed under a bushel; against this you can accomplish nothing.'

New York, November, 1855.

For the Sailor's Mag.

Havre Chaplaincy.

HAVRE, Sept. 1, '55.

DEAR BROTHER:—Agreeably to the plan and wishes of your Board, I have taken a preaching tour of about two months through some of the principal cities and seaports of England, Ireland, and Scotland, for the purpose of awakening a deeper interest in behalf of the sailor's cause generally, and to see how far British christians were willing to unite with American in resuscitating and sustaining the seaman's cause here at Havre. From the personal interviews I have had with many distinguished christian gentlemen, and pastors of churches, and the generous impulses awakened in the various congregations where I have preached, I cannot doubt for a moment the willingness of British christians to form such an alliance.—The accompanying circular, with its testimonials, is but an index of the universal feeling on the subject.—The reasonableness of their bearing a part of the expenses, where they have such an interest at stake, is apparent to every one. And although a most unfavorable seaason of the year

for collecting funds—the able and the giving ones being all from home and afloat—yet the following free will offerings were most cheerfully handed in, or sent in to their respective pastors after preaching, and which must be taken only as indicating the general feeling, and the willingness with which they will do their part in supporting the cause here at Havre.

I have made such arrangements, that in future whenever it may be necessary for me to visit England, “to stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance,” my pulpit will be supplied by some one of the brethren from England.

Yours Fraternally,

E. N. SAWTELL.

HAVRE, Sept. 19, '55.

DEAR BROTHER.—A few moments and a few words are all I can afford at present.

I returned from my preaching tour in England, quite overworked and exhausted, and felt that for a Sabbath or two I needed rest or aid in my work here, and the Lord sent me both. Rev. Mr. Crittenden, a young

brother from New York, and Rev. Mr. Marks, from Quincy, Ill., have both paid us a visit, and rendered me essential aid, for which I shall never cease to be grateful. Brother Crittenden and wife embark to-morrow at Liverpool for New York, and Brother Marks embarked at this port for Constantinople and the Crimea, to-day, on board the Robt. H. Dixey, one of the finest of American ships, chartered by the French Government, and commanded by one of the best of men—the finest specimen of a Christian that I have almost ever met with, either on the land or on the sea.—Our hearts have been made sad to-day, at parting with so good a man, and our prayers to God are, that such men as Captain Dixey may be multiplied in our merchant service, until “the abundance of the seas be converted to God.”

The timely assistance of these two brothers has afforded me some little extra time for visiting the Hospitals, ships, boarding houses, etc., etc., and which I have endeavored to improve. There is one case in the Hospital of a poor sailor, whose protracted sufferings have deeply affected me, and I trust has been so blest and sanctified, as to lead him to the Savior, the great Physician of the soul. He was one of the maimed, brought into the Hospital some six months ago, and whose cries and groans mingled with those of the multitude, described in a former letter. On my first approach, he seemed shy, and not disposed to talk on the subject of his soul's salvation. Kind words and frequent visits soon overcame that feeling, and he gradually became thoughtful; attentive; would accept tracts; answer questions, and appeared glad to see me. On my leaving for England, he expressed

strong hopes that before my return, his broken limbs would be so far healed that he would resume his duties on the ship; but alas, on his first attempt to stand, he lost his balance and fell upon the floor, breaking asunder the partially healed bones, and producing such inflammation that one of his legs had to be immediately amputated. Poor fellow! On my entering the Hospital after my return, how changed, how weak and emaciated. He burst into tears when he found I did not recognize him; he looked like a dying man, and he tho't with myself that he could not live long. After enquiring into the state of his soul, and his preparation for death, I enquired as to his bodily or temporal wants. He complained of not having that kind of delicate, nourishing food which he craved, and which the sick need. I told him to open his mind freely; tell me his wants, and I would see that they were supplied. The first thing he mentioned was chicken broth. I soon procured the materials; had it made in my own house, and sent to him. The next time I called, “O!” said he, “that broth was worth a hundred dollars to me, I am so much better.” I saw there was hope, and that what he needed was good nursing and suitable food. I then had veal broth made, then chicken again, then a little jelly and fruit, &c., &c. I called to see the Consul, who very kindly sent him a bottle of port wine; and yesterday when I called, he exclaimed with uplifted hands, “O, I am so much better, I have been able to read five chapters in my Bible to-day.”

This poor fellow is an orphan, he has no knowledge of father or mother. He found himself, when a child, in a poor house; most of his education has been before the mast, and if he

reaches Heaven, it will be indeed "*through much tribulation.*" His whole history—his protracted sufferings—his struggles of mind—his hopes and his fears—his praying and weeping have made a deep impression upon my own heart.

I am happy to add in conclusion that I find Mr. Vesey, our American Consul, a great assistant here in every good object. Though not a professor of religion, yet he has a most kind and benevolent heart, that never turns away from an object of real charity. His heart and his hand seem ever open and ready to assist the needy.

As ever, in great haste, but

truly yours,

E. N. SAWTELL.

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Circular.

London, June 22d, 1855.

A few words to Christians in England, Scotland, and Ireland, on the subject of British Sailors entering the Port of Havre, and the progress of Evangelical Truth in France.

Dear Friends,

The Official Reports of Havre reveal the fact, that during the last two years 1,888 British Vessels, and 25,520 British Sailors, entered that Port. The Christian will enquire, "Who has cared for these souls?"—The following is the answer. Thirteen years ago £2,000 were collected in America by the undersigned, and a chapel was erected for British and American Sailors. In its completion, £200 more were needed, and British Christians promptly and generously responded to the appeal, and furnished it. With this exception, the American Seamen's Society has alone supported the Gospel among British and American Sailors in Havre for the last twenty-five years, while the number of British Sailors has been more than double that of American. The American Society now calls, for the first time, upon British Christians, to unite with them in supporting the Gospel in that im-

portant Port. And the undersigned has been induced to return to this important field of his former labors, only on condition that there shall be a union of sympathy, prayer, and action, in this cause, between these two great Protestant nations, speaking the same language, and professing the same religion.

This Chapel at Havre serves as an entering wedge to Roman Catholic families. They come, it may be, to learn the English language; but the Lord sends them to learn the language of Canaan. Shall this Chapel be closed? the lights of the Sailors' reading-room be extinguished, and their library scattered to the winds, for the want of a few pounds from British Christians? The response made to this appeal will decide that question. Whatever may be sent in, or given to this object, will be thankfully received, and acknowledged in the "Sailor's Magazine."

E. N. SAWTELL,

Chaplain at Havre, France.

The Testimonials appended to this Circular were signed, and the cause warmly commended by the *Presbytery of London*, Rev. Wm. Ballantyne, Moderator; The *British and Foreign Sailor's Society*, Thomas A. Fieldwick, Sec'y; Rev. Robert Ferguson, D. D., L. L. D.; The *Countess of Alborough*; Rev. John Morrison, D. D., L. L. D.; Rev. Edward Stearne, D. D., and the President and Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

Mr. Sawtell was most cordially welcomed wherever he went, and notwithstanding the time of his visit was very unpropitious, he received about \$350 in Donations, which have been duly acknowledged in the London Sailor's Magazine.

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Sailor's Home, N. Y.

Sheets and quilts for single beds, and pillow cases are now much wanted in this Institution; as also

flannel shirts and socks for shipwrecked and destitute Seamen.

The Home continues to answer admirably the protective, humane and benevolent design of its founders.

“Something for a Living.”

A Sailor Kidnapped by a Runner.—William Cruise, a sailor, on returning from a voyage on Saturday last, put up at the Sailor's Boarding-house, No. 42 West-st., where he fell in with James Ray, a “runner,” by whom, it seems, he was decoyed into the drinking shop of Owen Gallagher, No. 26 West-st. While here, it is alleged that Ray, in treating the sailor, gave him drugged liquor, which rendered him stupid. This having been done, he urged Cruise to go with him on board a row boat at one of the piers; by the time he reached the boat, Cruise was quite unconscious, and was in this condition rowed off, and put on board the ship Bridgewater, (a Liverpool packet,) the captain of which gave Ray twenty-five dollars for his services in procuring him a seaman. It was Sunday morning before Cruise knew where he was; he applied to the captain for a release, but in vain. The captain told him he could not help his case, and could not afford to lose \$25. The authorities, however, heard of the outrage, thro' some boasting made on shore by Ray, and yesterday officer Healy, of the 1st Ward, brought the kidnapped sailor on shore. A complaint was made before Justice Connelly, and Ray was arrested. On examination, he said, “It was all right—he had to do something for a living.” The accused was locked up to answer the charge.

The practice of giving sailors drugged liquor, and of shipping them in an unconscious state is no new thing. But the interposition of the authorities to rescue a sailor thus treated, is new to us. The above is the first and only case we ever heard of; but we hope, should any similar interposition be called for, it will not

be the last. All honor to officer Healy for having performed his duty in this case, and all *justice* to runner Ray who “had to do something for a living.” May he learn in an iron-gated cell that kidnapping is not the best way to get a living.

Of the captain of the ship Bridgewater we will only say, that if he did not know the unconscious man whom he bought for \$25 to be the victim of injustice, and consequently it was wrong in him to take advantage of his helplessness, *he ought to have known it*, or at least to have waited till the return of reason could have told its own story, and when the truth was known to have released him willingly, and not by the compulsion of law.

As for the sailor Cruise, and every other sailor, if he will be *independent* enough to say no with a will, when invited to drink, always, and under all circumstances; and man enough to ship himself, utterly refusing all wages till he has earned them, he will not only escape vexatious impositions, but gain in his own self-respect the respect of the wise and good.

Account of Money,

From Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th, 1855.

Members for Life by the payment of Twenty Dollars.

Erastus Blakeslee, by First Con. Ch., Plymouth, Ct.	20 00
Lewis A. Clarke, by do. do. (in part.)	13 00
Capt. Allen McLane, by Rev. J. Rowell, Panama, N. G.	20 00
Mrs. Jas. S. Johnston, New York, by do. do.	20 00
Capt. Wm. L. Sisco, Stapleton, N. Y., by Jno. D. Dix, N. Y.	25 00

Mrs. Olivia F. Rider, Danbury, Ct., by her husband (amt. ack. below)		" Ladies' Mite Soc., New Milford, Ct. 5 00
Oliver Ketcham, by Bethesda Baptist Ch., Stamford, Ct.	20 00	" Meth. Epis. Ch., Gos- hen, N. Y. (by Rev. J. L. Elliott) 3 52
Charles A. Somers, by First Con. Soc., Woodbury, Ct.	20 00	" Cash per do. 1 00
Geo. Drakeley, do. do. (in part,)	10 00	" First Con. Soc., Meriden, Ct. 17 04
		" Con. Soc., Mount Si- nai, N. Y. 37 00
<i>Donations.</i>		
From Mrs. Lorana Whitlock, New Canaan, Ct.	6 00	
" First Pres. Ch., N. Y.	190 00	
" A Friend, for distribu- ting the Bible	1 00	
" Amity street Bapt. Ch., N. Y.	70 00	
" Pres. Ch., Hawley, Pa.	3 71	
" Rev. J. Bradford, Shef- field, Mass.	6 00	
" Pres. Ch., Stamford, Ct.	54 75	
" Rev. Wm. Bradley, Newark, N. J.	5 00	
" Third Con. Soc., New Haven, Ct.	55 76	
" Con. Soc. and Pastor's Family, Clarendon, Vt.	8 00	
" Seamen's Friend Soc., Milford, N. H., in- cluding \$100 from Mrs. E. F. McQues- ten, for Honolulu Station	125 00	
" North Con. Soc., New Haven, Ct.	87 00	
" A Friend in Washngton, D. C. (by Rev. J. L. Elliott)	1 00	
" Judah Baldwin, Hotch- kissville, Ct.	5 00	
" Con. Soc., East Hartford, Ct.	42 22	
" South Con. Soc., New Haven, Ct.	31 50	
" Con. Soc., Barre, Mass.	50 04	
" E. Evarts, Guilford, Ct.	1 00	
" College st. Con. Soc., New Haven, Ct. (ba- lance,)	5 00	
" Central Con. Soc., New Haven, Ct., bal.	40 00	
" First Con. Soc., Dan- bury, Ct.	77 20	
" Con. Soc., Saxton's Ri- ver, Vt.	3 50	
" First Con. Soc., New Haven, Ct. (balance)	2 00	
<i>Legacies.</i>		
Late Henry Whittelsey, Catskill, N. Y.		357 14
		\$1,449 38
<i>Receipts into the Treasury of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society.</i>		
Wenham Con. Soc. (adl.)		8 91
Taunton Trinitarian Con. Soc.		18 00
" Winslow Soc. (adl.)		6 38
St. Johnsbury, Vt., Mr. Bond's Soc. (adl.)		10 36
" South Ch. S. School		6 00
Oxford Con. Soc.		35 00
Montague Con. Soc., to make Dea. Richard Clapp L. M.		30 00
Sunderland Con. Soc.		17 00
Shelbourne Ladies' Benvt. Association		6 39
" Gents. "		6 82
Deerfield Monument Soc. to make Pliny Mann L. M.		20 00
Attleboro Ladies' S. F. Soc. to make Mrs. Anna Lothrop L. M.		20 00
North Danvers Juvenile Col- lectors		9 31
Saco, Me., 1st Parish Benvt. Soc., S. L. Goodell, Treas.		16 00
Lincoln Con. Soc.		13 00
Natic " to make Dea. Jno. O. Wil- son, L. M.		22 88
Sherbourne " Dea. Aaron Coolidge, L. M.		25 74
Holliston Con. Soc. 2 L. M.'s		50 00
Ashburnham, C. Jewett		4 00
Chickopee 1st Con. Soc., A Friend		5 00
Ludlow Con. Soc.		11 43
Holyoke 1st Con. Soc.		10 00
Springfield 1st Con. Soc. to make Rev. Henry M. Par- sons L. D.		52 26